



FACTS, FUNNY AND OTHERWISE ABOUT WESTERN MEN I'VE MET



Becoming a Senator Spoiled a Good Prospective Policeman.

From one end of the continent to the other America was struggling to recover from a mighty conflict. The great Civil war was over, but it was years before the effects of the conflict ceased to mar the happiness of the people. In Canada the people felt the throbs of the war and viewed some of its direct consequences through an occasional ex-slave hurrying across the border to remain until he became more satisfied concerning the results of the emancipation proclamation; or through a stray citizen of the North whose fear for his personal safety outweighed his patriotism fleeing to Canada's friendly soil to escape the terrors of the draft.

The news traveled slow in the territory surrounding Woodstock, Ontario, and the accounts of the dual trials of the people of the northern states—their conflict with the South, and the attack on their homes by the bloodthirsty Indians—were often garbled when they reached the ears of the villagers.

From the early impressions that Tommie Kearns had of the land of the free in which he was later to be a great leader—impressions that he probably still retains—it is small wonder that he concluded that the United States was a country of eternal strife.

The primitive instincts of the child—especially of the strong, robust child of Hibernian ancestry and environment—incline to the militant. And Tommie was aggressively militant. In his childish field of endeavor which consisted in the demonstration of the fact that the Kearns and Meagher blood was the "ouldst fitin' blud of the ould sod," Tommie was invariably successful. He would walk miles to vent his wrath on the unfortunate son of Erin of whom it had been rumored that Orange or English blood tainted the Irish ancestry.

After a "righteous" battle—Tommie is still fighting "righteous" battles—an old Irish neighbor who had once lived in New York said to the victorious youngster:

"Arrah, me bye, it's the foine policemon yes'll moike some day."

But the prophecy never came true.

Soon the youthful Alexander—I beg your pardon, Brian Boru—was to blaze a trail from Woodstock, Ontario, to Salt Lake City, Utah. And it was a trail of blackened eyes and aching pates, for Tommie had lost none of his aggressiveness.

His biographers declare somewhat vaguely that the journey between Ontario and Utah was taken up with "freighting" through the Black Hills. I fear "freighting" covers a multitude of sins. All successful western men were "freighters" in the early days, though why, or where we know not. So let it be with Tommie.

When Tommie—no, he was Tom then—reached Utah he might have developed into a policeman, a bartender or a prize fighter, but a millionaire statesman—perish the thought.

But a millionaire and a statesman he became soon. It would be hard to say which of the two came to him more unexpectedly or which of the two struck the public as being the more incongruous.

One morning Tom awakened in the boarding house at Park City, donned his overalls, partook of his matutinal coffee and bacon, shouldered his pick, wondered who he was going to lick that day, and lowered himself into the hole on his claim. That night he came out of that hole a millionaire. It was overalls in the morning and evening dress with white gloves and opera hat that night.

Then he came to Salt Lake and entered society. For a time he struggled faithfully with pie for breakfast and cream and sugar in his consomme. But the fighting blood of Brian Boru remained. And Tom—excuse me, he is Thomas now—had learned that it was not the thing for a millionaire to knock down everyone whom he did not admire. There was one recourse, however. The pastime of the millionaire, he discovered, was to be found in the free and untrammelled elective franchise. So Thomas became a statesman.

With his brilliant statesmanship Thomas added many refreshing moments to the otherwise wearisome sessions of the City Council and the constitutional convention a dozen years ago. But it was when he had acquired what he now deemed to be a necessary luxury of a millionaire, a seat in the United States Senate, that his real statesmanship came to light. In a thrilling oration he discovered the "Island of Alaskay" and drove the ferocious "Filly Ponies."

Because of his millions or his statesmanship, or, perhaps, it was in spite of both, Thomas—that is the Honorable Thomas, etc.—was

popular in Washington. His geography may have been bad but his fellowship was good. And every time he opened a fresh bottle everyone was willing to drink his health.

Then Reed and Fussy came. The Honorable Thomas, etc., gave them a hospitable, Hibernian welcome, taking them to a cafe where he knew the newspaper correspondents would be waiting. Reed and Fussy were introduced. The newspaper men, having just finished the ninth which the senior senator had paid for, received them with loud acclaim. Reed felt an elbow in his ribs.

"Buy," instructed Tom, sotto voce.

"Er—I beg pardon—" stammered the Provo merchant prince, who had not been coached on all the steps preliminary to the assumption of the senatorial toga.

"Senator Smoot wants all of you boys to have a drink with him," interpreted Senator Kearns.

Nobody heeded Reed's protestations and everybody drank to the junior senator from Utah. Reed never needed a second lesson in Washington etiquette. "When in doubt, buy," is now his motto.

And then they parted—Reed and Tom.

When the senior senator found he was not to be returned from Utah, he discovered he was called for a righteous purpose—even as he had been called in the days when he soaked Terry O'Brien in the jaw in Woodstock, Ontario, when Terry wouldn't share the dainties surreptitiously acquired from the O'Brien kitchen.

Senator Smoot was the agent of the prince of darkness, he was the dragon that devoured the goddess of freedom, his people were worse than he was. Senator Kearns was the St. George to smite the dragon. And the dragon was "smote."

Like one William Randolph Hearst, the champion of the people formed a party. Piercing the blue arch with a brilliant speech Senator Kearns started off his party which eventually captured Salt Lake and now is menacing Reed's hold on the county. Thus was the dragon punished.

Now as boss of a really powerful local political party, owner of a newspaper and the possessor of other diversions Tommie Kearns sits in his home, one of the finest in the West, flanked by a fleet of automobiles and an army of servants and reads the Kearns-inspired, heir-arch-flaying editorials and dreams of the days in Woodstock. If Terry O'Brien could see him now. And old man O'Brien, who prophesied a career as a peace officer, oh if he were alive, what would he say now? Probably it would be:

"Arrah, but they sponed th' foine policemon when they made Tommie Kearns th' Senator."

CLEANING CONCERN IN NEW QUARTERS.

Salt Lake can now justly boast of one of the most thoroughly up-to-the-hour, if not one of the largest cleaning and dyeing establishments in the West, a distinction confirmed by the completion of the new quarters of the Regal Cleaning and Dyeing company occupying the ground floor and basement of the old Fritch building with an extensive building recently erected in the rear of that property, at 156 to 160 East Second South.

From a rather humble beginning this progressive concern has climbed to a position of prominence, drawing patronage not only from this city and state but from all over the inter-mountain region and the opening of these new office and work rooms is but the direct answer to immediate demands of the company's fast growing trade.

In the equipment of this new building utility seems to have been the keynote, for the most effective modern machinery has been installed and everything set in harmony for the handling of work in a thorough but economical manner. A dyeing room especially constructed after the manner of a hothouse with glass roof and sides for the regulation of light necessary to the precise matching of desired colors; a French dry cleaning room fitted with underground gasoline storage tanks and distilling refinery for the proper blending of the cleaning fluids used; steam pressing machines and every other requisite of corresponding perfection.

Frank Daniels' vehicle for this year will be "Miss Hook of Holland," from which title the "Miss" is to be omitted.

Thomas E. Shea is to play a season of twenty weeks in vaudeville. His playlet will be a condensed version of "The Bells."